

5th MARCH 1988

Dick

No. 53

30p

MEET  
PETE and his PIMPLE  
INSIDE!

HEY, READER!  
Are you plagued by  
pimples, acne, & boils?  
(TOUGH LUCK, SPOTTY!)

EVERY FRIDAY

AUSTRALIA \$1.00  
NEW ZEALAND \$1.20  
(inc. G.S.T.)  
MALAYSIA \$1.90.

OOER!!  
THIS ZANY ZIT ON MY NOSE  
IS GROWING SO HUGE, IT'S  
SQUEEZING EVERYTHING  
ELSE OFF THE COVER!

LEW STRINGER



THE PAGE  
FOR PIG-  
PALS THAT  
PULLS NO  
PUNCHES.

**OINK!, P.O. Box 35, Hyde, Cheshire, SK14 5NB, England.**

**Peter Hughes** has actually tracked down one of Jimmy "The Cleaver" Smith's butcher-shop headquarters! Let's hope Jimmy doesn't track down Peter! Pig-pals should trot very carefully until Jimmy is caught! Watch out for a Butcherwatch update from bacon-boosters **BANX** soon!!!

by Susannah Burder  
of Braintree  
**MARGARET BUTCHER**



THAT'S ME!

... YOU CAN HELP YOURSELF TO  
SECONDS AT SCHOOL DINNERS

THERE ARE LOTS OF  
ADVANTAGES TO  
BEING INVISIBLE.  
(READERS!)


"YOU CAN GET INTO THE PICTURES WITHOUT PAYING..."

YOU CAN GO PLACES YOU'RE NOT  
SUPPOSED TO.

TRUBLE IS TO BE

COR!  
COOL!  
BLUSH!

THIS PICTURE  
CENSORED BY  
MARY LIGHTHOUSE,  
GUARDIAN OF  
PUBLIC DECENCY



**DARE YOU WRITE IN?  
A PIGGY PRIZE FOR  
EVERY LETTER PRINTED!**

# SWINE STARS!



**HAMMY TARBUCK**  
by Steven Jones, Badcliffe

PIG-PACK MEMBER No.  
**7343**  
 WRITE TO UNCLE  
 PIGG TO CLAIM  
 A PIGGY PRIZE!

**ENCLOSE THIS COUPON  
WHEN YOU WRITE**

My favourite features  
in this issue of Qink!



**PIGGIN' HECK!!**  
THIS PAGE IS SO  
HAM-PACKED WITH  
CRAZY CONTRIBUTIONS  
FROM YOU LOONY-  
LETTER WRITERS THAT  
I CAN BARELY SQUEEZE  
IN TO SAY HELLO!  
TALK ABOUT  
PRESSED PORK!!

**FREE!** STAMP COLLECTOR STARTER



name and address to:  
**PHILATELIC SERVICES**  
 (Dept 9.1) Eastington, North Humberdale DN14 7QG  
**GET YOURS NOW!**

## STAMP QUIZ

- DO YOU WANT TO WIN?**
1. What Country says "ESPANOL" on its stamps?
2. Was the "PENNY BLACK" the first stamp?
3. Does JERSEY issue stamps?
4. Do Irish stamps have "ERIC" on them?
- PRIZES:** We will send you 25 choice stamps from four different countries: 150 diff. first stamps free (catalogued at \$7.50) plus a first facsimile block of 6 unused 1940 PENNY BLACKS plus a facsimile Penny Black used on original envelope (genuine original) valued at worth about \$15,000 for 4 correct answers. We also send our wonderful New Approvals, post free. Please inform your parents.
- UNIVERSAL STAMP CO., Dept. O.R.,**  
Enlargement, Guelph, North Middlesex,  
D1T4 7G0.

... YOU HAVE TO TAKE  
ALL YOUR CLOTHES

HOW TO SNEAK ROUND TO  
MY HEADMASTER'S HOUSE  
AND HAVE A LOOK AT  
MINE WORKS EXAM

**BUT SOON...**

OH, NO! RAIN!  
AND HAILSTONES!

OOH! ONE DISADVANTAGE  
ONE OF BEING INVISIBLE...  
SEEK IS THAT YOU'RE  
ALWAYS GETTING CAUGHT OUT  
IN BAD WEATHER > OOH! WITH  
NO CLOTHES ON > RAEE!!

HERE'S ANOTHER DISADVANTAGE

SWISS

THAT  
INTO  
BELL

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ADVERTISEMENT

FOR A DEFINITELY DIFFERENT HOLIDAY EXPERIENCE... COME TO

# OUTLET-BY-THE-SEA!

JEWEL OF THE PORKSHIRE RIVERA.

Please always available at the local GRI SPAMMERS Holiday Camp. Regular "Single Tankerfiller Express" to lunch and back takes just 210 hours. Complete, and get FREE entry to our rubbish kiosk competition. Our chef used to work on the QE2 - and his 4-star food is cooked in the same oil that he used them as a boiler-stoker. The kitchens have been extensively re-fitted after last year's accident, and "Bombe Surprise" is no longer on the menu.

Top Class Variety Acts are the highlight of Outlet evenings. This year we have had Russ Abbot, and next year we hope to book a comedian.

More than 2 yards of unsupplied coastline - (but we have got outline planning permission for an amusement arcade).

Wonder about our fascinating rockpools. Discover limpets, shells, and other unsupplied World War II hardware.

Outlet is steeped in tradition. Our rustic Morris dancers, the "wade" and "rockers", have a quaint "mumble" every weekend. Don't forget your camera - or a pair of crutches!

There's always plenty to do at Outlet! Dig unsupplied out of only sludge, take a potato trip round the wreck of the rustiest waste tanker in the bay, or even go white water rafting on the South beach. (Also green, brown, rusted, purple-water rafting past the landfill near the Chemicalworks).

THERE'S SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE AT

## OUTLET-BY-THE-SEA!

(But you can usually get an injection for it.)  
 Splend for our full colour Black brochure.  
 The Tourist Office, The Town Hall,  
 Designer's Pocket, Outlet-by-the-Sea,  
 (near Mouth R. (ing.) Blackwater, Porksire.

Stay at the GRI Multi-story Caravan Park, or at any of our traditional seaside bed 'n' breakfast lodgings (£210.00 per night excluding bed and breakfast). (Also 10 evening meal thrown in! Or brought on a plate for a small surcharge).

Gabby Brown will be in Outlet for just one day, with the Radio Wren Wanderlows. But that still leaves 364 days when he won't be here, so please don't let that stop you coming.





MAD ADVERTISEMENT

# HOURS OF STEAMING GOOD FUN! With... GBH MODELLING CLAY!



Now available in a dazzling rainbow of colours!!  
Choose from BROWN, BRUNETTE, SORREL, DUN, DUNG,  
KHAKI, KHAKI, RIVER AISE.

**SEND NOW for a BIG VALUE 6  
GALLON BUCKET - only £937.36**

GBH MODELLING CLAY Co., COWSA NOSTRA DAIRY FARMS (M)NC,  
Trencherol Lane, Cowpat Country - (near) MANCHESTER, POC CIP

**GREAT MERRIMENT GUARANTEED**

(For US with your CASH!)

(If YOU DON'T LAUGH LIKE A DRAIN - at least you'll smell  
like one).

Just some of the models you could create!  
(If you can stand the whiff!)



**FREE PEG!**

(Our managing director's missus -  
who is currently doing a 5-stretch for fraud)

Nose clips - £3,694.37

## WALLY of the WEST

WHY DO COYOTES HOWL  
AT NIGHT, FUNGUS?

OOOOOWWWW! TWW



I KNOW WHY THIS  
ONE'S HOWLING!

OH, YEAH!

OOOOOWWWW!



YEAH! OOOOWWWW!

OOOOOWWWW!

OOOOOWWWW!



## DOCTOR MOONEY HE'S COMPLETELY LOONY!

PLEASE HELP ME, DOCTY! I'M  
PIGEON-TOED!!

SEE? THEY'RE TERRIBLE!  
CAN YOU GIVE ME  
ANYTHING FOR 'EM?

SCREEBLE!  
SCREEBLE!

CERTAINLY!

O.K. ROLL UP YOUR  
TROUSERS AND TAKE  
YOUR SHOES AND  
SOCKS OFF!

SCREEBLE!  
SCREEBLE!

CERTAINLY!

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YOUR SHOES AND  
SOCKS OFF!

GREAT MOMENTS IN  
PUBLISHING PART 1.

**THE 50  
YEARS OF  
THE DEANO  
OFFICE PARTY!**



CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND HAND IT  
TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

DEAR NEWSAGENT,  
PLEASE RESERVE A COPY OF  
GIVING FOR ME EVERY WEEK.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

## Torture TWINS

I MUST SAY THIS  
IS THE COMFEST  
TORTURE I'VE EVER  
HAD.....



## IGOR AND THE DOCTOR

HELLO, DOCTOR? DOCTOR  
SPEAKING.

THIS IS THE MAYOR  
OF THE VILLAGE.  
ARE YOU VERY  
BUSY DOCTOR?

NO I'M IN THE  
BASEMENT WITH  
IGOR. WE'RE WATCHING  
THE PRICE IS RIGHT  
ON THE TELEVISION.

I WOULD LIKE TO SEE  
YOU, IT'S URGENT.

OF COURSE,  
COME ON  
DOWN!

I WOULD LIKE TO SEE  
YOU, IT'S URGENT.

OF COURSE,  
COME ON  
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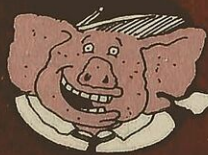
I WOULD LIKE TO SEE  
YOU, IT'S URGENT.

OF COURSE,  
COME ON  
DOWN!



# CUT-OUT DEAD FRED MASK!

Scare the pants off your pals! Make your friends' flesh creep with this dead good 'Dead Fred' mask!



STEP 1 - STICK ONTO THIN CARD.  
STEP 2 - CUT AROUND DOTTED LINES.  
STEP 3 - MAKE HOLES IN CHEEKS AND  
PUSH STRING THROUGH.  
STEP 4 - PUT ON MASK, THICKO !!!



# TINY TOTS' TV

BY: VAUGHAN BRUNT.

FOLLOWING THE SUCCESS OF THE "MOPPET BABIES," THE TV COMPANIES HAVE DECIDED TO COME UP WITH SOME OTHER PRE-TEENS PILOT PROGS.

"THE 'LEAFY-LEAFERS' BABIES" IN WHICH "DIPPO" DEN EARN'S HIS NAME BY REFUSING TO BE POTTY TRAINED!



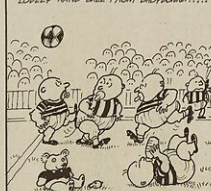
"THE 'PROGS ARE RIGHT BABIES' IN WHICH THE AUDIENCE SCREAMS AND SHOUT LIKE CINE-STAR CUPS! (AND DIFFERENT FROM NORMAL, REALLY!)"



"QUESTIONS TINY BABIES" SUR ROBIN BABY-SITS FOR FAMOUS POLITICIANS AND REVEALS THE AIDS MANIPULATED BY DOING FUNNY THINGS WITH HIS BOWTIE!



"MATCHES OF THE DND BABIES" TWO YOUNG TEAMS BATTLE IT OUT IN THE FINAL OF THE WILK (AND PUSHED) CUP! ...AND IT'S NOBLE TO NOBLE WITH A LOVELY HAND-BALL FROM BABYDOWN.....



"WEATHER FORECAST BABIES"



"POPS OF THE BEES BABIES" FEATURING: BASHY GEORGE! THE BEACHES BABIES! AND: PLUS EXTRA-MILK! NOONS!



**BRIAN LUCK** HE'S UNLUCKIER THAN THE COODO!

"I'M GOING TO BE THICK!"

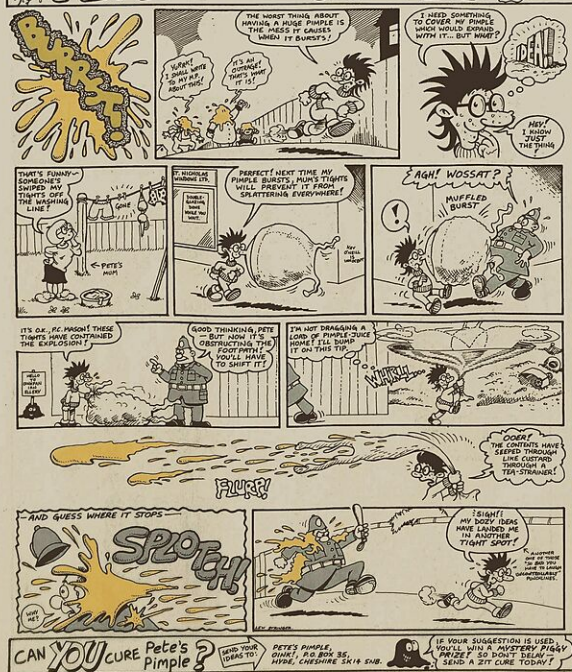
"WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY TELL WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO BE THICK STUPID!"

"THORRY!"





# **PETE and his PIMPLE!**



## **frank sidebottom and his fantastic show-biz gossip**

## **ian mccaskill the truth**

I recently interviewed weatherman and true star ian mccaskill for my saturday slot on bbc radio 2. i asked ian "do you use a flash on your camera when you take the saturday picture?" to which ian replied, "i don't think you're quite getting this frank?" and he went on to reveal that it is not even his satellite, but one he borrows from them americans!



also... i've had dozens of letters from 'oink' readers asking if ian mccaskill is really my ventriloquist's puppet... "little frank"? but as you can see above, even with little frank wearing glasses, they look nothing like each other... and also ian comes from glasgow, and little frank can't do the weather.

## **frank's show-biz diary**

saturday 5th march: in on bbc radio 2 at 10.30pm. g. alfrincham, g. va. chilton, b. bowen, s. d. m. march: smokebusters in the tower at covent garden 10am. s. m. on "720" on t. between 9.25am till 11am. "radio 4" on t. link up with the mike wadding show on t. m. support smother richman's a night-time concert at london town and country club. monday 7th march: shopping for my m. in t. tuesday 8th march: radio 1. link up! piccadilly. rest of week: work on my robot in my shed.

## **coronation st. stars kevin and sally split up!**



## **"i've had enough"**

kevin tells frank "scoop" sidebottom. yes 'oink' readers, it is true... i can now reveal that soap weds kevin and sally webster split up last week. kevin and sally (the 'street's' soppy snogging couple) were on a shopping trip when the split happened. kevin wanted to try on foot ball boots-while blond sally wanted to look for a new blouse. so the two decided to split up and meet up later after they had done all of their shopping.

i recently spoke to kevin at piccadilly radio where we were both guests on the same show. i asked him "do you want another cup of tea from the machine?" to which the webster with the moustache replied... "no thanks... i've had enough!"

attention popstars with moustaches i.e. freddie mercury... and also ones without like paul and linda mcnerney... and between 10. midge ure, i am willing to pay 10p in new money if you will do an interview for 'oink'. 061 944 1954



# BE A HIP HOG WITH THIS SWILL SWEAT SHIRT!

GET SWEATY!

GET SHIRTY!

GET THIS  
SWEATY,  
SHIRTY!



Yo! Hip Hogs! Get smart with this swine-ishly stylish sweat-shirt. Splashed in porky-pink with the 'designer' Oink! logo, this fab gear is 100% piggy perfect. It's cool for cats, dogs, hamsters and any other pets you want to buy one for! This exclusive item cannot be bought elsewhere, so raid your piggy banks and send your money along in a stamped addressed envelope to me at:

**SWEAT-SHIRT OFFER,  
OINK! CLUB,  
99, CHURCH STREET,  
TEWKESBURY,  
GLOUCESTERSHIRE,  
GL20 5RS.**

## PRICES

Adults: £14.99 (£13.99 for Pig Pack members)  
Children: £10.99 (£9.99 for Pig Pack members)

\*  
SEND  
POSTAL  
ORDER  
IF YOU WANT  
FAST  
DELIVERY!

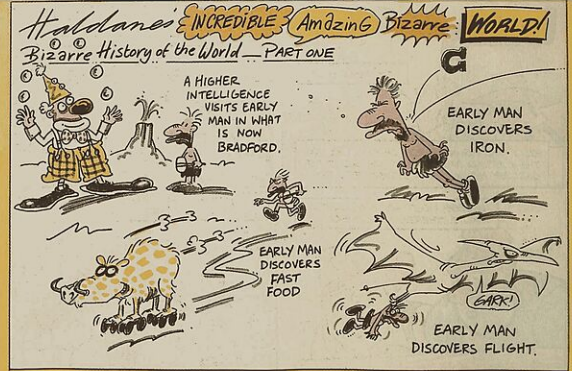
Name _____
Address _____
Number of shirts required _____
Childrens _____ Adults _____
State chest size - _____
Childrens 28" or 32" _____
Adults 36" 40" or 44" _____
State if Pig Pack member (Yes or No) _____
If yes, state membership number _____
State whether cheque or postal order _____
Cheques and postal orders to be made payable to 'The Oink! Club'. _____
Amount enclosed _____

Uncle Pigg regrets that this offer is not available to readers in Eire and overseas.



ART BY BARRY HOGG, WRITTEN BY SWILL





## CAREERS ADVICE FROM THE GBH ADVISORY SERVICE

### SO YOU WANNA BE... A BRAIN SURGEON?

**What you will need:**

1. Steady hands.
2. A good knowledge of anatomy.
3. A dirty great big chopper like what butchers use.

**What you will also need:**

1. Maths 'O' Level.
2. A strong stomach.
3. Lots of spare butchers' heads to practice on.

Unfortunately it is illegal to practise brain surgery without a licence. Fortunately a licence is available from GBH Documents Ltd for only £99.014 plus postage and packing. Unfortunately this licence is just a groovy bit of loo paper with "Brain surgeon's licence" written on it in felt tip. Fortunately, once we receive your money we will flee the country so you won't be able to sue us.

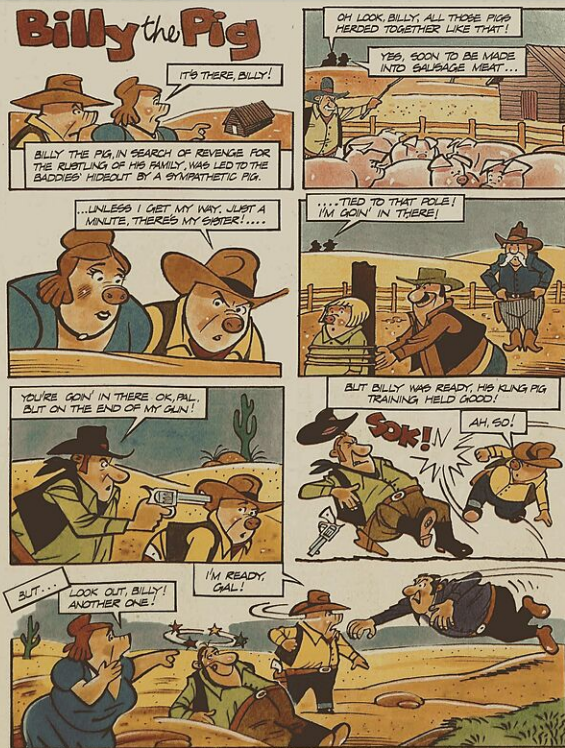
**BRAIN SURGERY - THE BASIC PROCEDURE:**

1. Select your patient (available at any butcher's shop).
2. Apply anaesthetic (ancient socks held over victim's face for two minutes).
3. Perform operation successfully.
4. Charge patient huge amount of money.

Easy, eh! But just in case this doesn't work out for you, there'll be more advice in **ONLINE** soon (e.g. how to break out of jail).



# Billy the Pig



12



13



# TOM TALL

GOODNESS ME, TOMMY! WHY DON'T YOU START A DIARY OF SOMETHING TO KEEP YOU OUT OF MISCHIEF?

NO FRUITS! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO WRITE! BUT I'VE GOT A FEW BOTTLES OF MILK!

I SAID A DIARY NOT A DAIRY! YOU SHOULD CHECK A DIARY IS A BOOK YOU WRITE IN TO RECORD THE DAYS EVENTS!

SOUNDS O.K. TO ME! BUT AN 'ARD CASE LIKE YOU I AM, THE DIARY IS BOUND TO BE CHECK-BLOCK FULL WITH INTERESTING STUFF! TELL ME! START STRAIGHT AWAY!

SHUT AS SOON AS I REMEMBER 'OH A CASHOW WORKS!

**Me DIARY bi tom CHUG** Age 15 (11 YRS)

SATURDAY — I BEAT UP BIG BEAUTY BEASON AND WHILE IS SAVAGE WAG RUNS A MILE IN FEAR.

— BUT TOM'S DIARY TENDS TO EXAGGERATE A LITTLE. HERE'S WHAT REALLY HAPPENED —

HAIES! DON'T GET TOO SAVAGE TOM ON ME! I'M GON' I'M GON'!

SUNDAY — WOT A DAY! WENT ROUND SMASHIN' EVERYTHING AN EVERYBODY! ERROR OF THE ESTATE! Nobody SAFE WIV ME ABOUT!

HERE'S WHAT REALLY HAPPENED — TOM STAYED IN BECAUSE IT WAS RAINING AND PLAYED WITH HIS TEDDY BEAR!

Tom's boy box.

MONDAY — OH THE GIRLS IN SCHOOL TOTALLY MAD ABOUT ME. FALLIN OVER EACH OTHER FOR KISS ME!

HERE'S WHAT REALLY HAPPENED — YOU WANT WHO'S GO OUT WITH A THING LIKE YOU?

CHANGE YOUR BOOTS SHORTLY!

TUESDAY — WON THE 100 METERS AT SCHOOL, COS NO OTHER KIDS AS FLE AS NOT I AM!

FINISH

HERE'S WHAT REALLY HAPPENED — TOM HAD TO RACE TO THE NEAREST LOG AFTER EATING A CUNNY FOR LUNCH!

OOOEEERRRRRR!!

WEDNESDAY —

**SENSOORD!**

NOT TURNED OUT TODAY WUZ TOO ORRIBLE TOO MISCHIN!

HERE'S WHAT REALLY HAPPENED —

AND NOT WHO USED LIKE THE DARTS ONE'S LITTA TEAN?

**TRANSMORPHING TRACEY**

SHE CAN TURN INTO ANYTHING SHE LIKES!

OH GOODY! A SCHOOL PLAY! I'LL GO TO THE AUDITIONS!

SO... IT'S ME, TRACEY.

NEXT!

YOU SHOULD USE ME! LOOK! I CAN REALLY PLAY ANY PART! WATCH — HERE I'M A WITCH FROM "MACBETH"

CHANGE!

...AND HERE I'M "YORICK" ... FROM "HAMLET"!

TRANSFORM!

AND THAT'S NOT ALL — I CAN DO... I CAN LOOK AT THIS.

I CAN PLAY TINKERBELL, QUASIMODO... ANYTHING AT ALL, IN FACT!

CHANGE!

HMM... YES! I THINK WE'VE GOT A PART FOR YOU! YOU'RE IN!

GREAT!

AND SO THE NIGHT OF THE PLAY ARRIVED.

CONSIDER YOURSELF!

WHERE'S TRACEY?

SHHHH

BAH! JUST MY LUCK! I GET TO PLAY THE SCENERY!

CONSIDER YOURSELF!

TEA



# TWITTY TWITTY BANG BANG •THE MAGICAL CAR•

By Ian Phegmying

Once upon a time, there was a family called Potty. They were: Commander Potty, who was an inventor; his wife Lotty, and a pair of twins; Doris, who everybody called Doris, and Boris, who everybody called Boris.

Now every morning, Commander Potty would vanish into his workshop, and every evening he would emerge after much hammering and clattering, with a new invention—like clockwork underpants, or roller-skates with fish fastened to them instead of wheels, or devices for sharpening mushrooms.

Not surprisingly, Commander Potty's inventions were not very successful, and his neighbours would call him "Commander Crackpot" or "that gibbering loony at no. 37". Sometimes Doris and Boris would wonder why he didn't get himself a proper job or go on the dole like any normal father, but they never said anything.

One day, whilst trying to invent a string frying pan, Commander Potty accidentally made some small, round sweets, which he gave to the twins to try. Now they tasted just like ordinary boiled sweets until the children blew on them, and found that they could play a whistly tune because the sweets had rotted holes in all their teeth.

Commander Potty took his invention to a huge, multi-national confectionery company, who gave him a handful of loose change, told him to sign at the bottom of a large page of very small print, and then threatened to thump him unless he left the premises immediately.

Now Commander Potty couldn't really afford it, but he was feeling pleased with himself at having sold an invention, and he decided to buy a motor car. He went to an old tumbledown garage, and he saw an old tumbledown car in the corner. It had big, sad foglights, and the leopardskin seat covers were all ripped. But the garage owner said it had been owned by a little old lady, and there was something honest about his gold teeth and sheepskin jacket, so Commander Potty bought the car and had it towed to his workshop.

Commander Potty worked on that car night and day for the next three months. The lights were always on in his workshop, smoke billowed from his little chimney, and there were always hammering and sawing sounds, so the neighbours had the noise abatement people and the smokeless zone people round, and had Commander Potty arrested.

Eventually, however, the car was ready, and Commander Potty wheeled it out of his workshop. The paintwork was polished and gleaming, the chrome glistened in the sun. The great nine-cylinder 14-litre engine chugged away under the long bonnet, and glorious clouds of blue smoke billowed out of the huge fishtail exhausts, choking the cat and killing all the plants in Lotty's vegetable garden. Everyone gasped in admiration.

"Come on, everyone," said Commander Potty. "Let's take her out for a spin!" However, there were so many roadworks on the motorway, that the wonderful car was caught up in traffic jams for mile after mile. Boris noticed a light glowing on the end of one of the knobs on the dashboard. "Pull me!" it said.

Now, Commander Potty didn't know what the knob was for, but he pulled it all the same... and do you know what happened? Yes... because it was a British car, the knob broke off in his hand. But then something strange began to happen. The mudguards turned outwards and became wings, and the radiator hinged down to reveal a huge propeller on the front of the car. Sure enough... the car had become... an AEROPLANE!



The Pottys soared into the air above all the traffic jams, and headed off towards the coast at last, and at the nearby Radar early warning station, a bright red light started flashing on a screen, and a couple of heat-seeking missiles were launched.

"What a magical car this is," said Commander Potty. "We really ought to have a name for it."

"But what should we call it?" wondered Lotty.

"Listen!" said the twins. "The car is telling us!"

And sure enough, when they listened to the exhaust note, they could hear the magical car telling them its name.

"Twitty... Twitty..." said the magical car.

"Twitty... Twitty..." said Commander Potty.

"Bang! Bang!" said the missiles.

Next week - Commander Potty invents a parachute made out of a car seat, and Lotty, Doris and Boris learn all about hospital food.

THE END.

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## frank sidebottom's more ace than little frank's competition!

hello 'oink' readers...frank here!  
now, ...back in issue 51, little frank  
ran a bobbins competition...so i have  
now done a "more ace than little frank's  
competition" which is much more ace!  
all you have to do is spot the difference  
between photo a and photo b, then write  
your funniest answer on a postcard and  
send it to- "frank's more ace comp";  
oink, p.o. box 35, hyde, sk14 5nb, u.k.



and the 10 entries  
that make me laugh  
most will win one of  
my "fantastic tales"  
cassettes with an  
hour's worth of....  
"fantastic tales"





# HORACE (ugly face) WATKINS

FOUR OF THE VERY CLEVEREST DOCTORS GATHERED AROUND A VERY UNUSUAL PATIENT...

HORACE WATKINS, NOW WITH TWO HEADS AFTER HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE RADIATION MONSTER...

WE'LL HAVE TO AMPUTATE!! IT WILL BE A UNIQUE OPERATION AND WE CAN KEEP THE HEAD FOR FUTURE REFERENCE... NO YOU CAN'T!



WE MUST WE WILL! I KNOW A WAY HE DOESN'T HAVE TO BE OPERATED ON!



THAT NIGHT... WATKINS! WAKE UP! WE'RE GOING TO WALES!! I KNOW A WAY TO HELP YOU!



THERE'S A WITCH! SHE DOES MAGIC! WE MUST TRY HER!



THE PARROT GLOVE WILL STOP PEOPLE LOOKING AT YOUR TWO HEADS!



HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WALES GREAT MAGIC WAITED TO HELP HORACE...



TWO RETURNS TO LLANBERIS, PLEASE! YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR THE PARROT! RULE 655 B STATES: NO PARROTS BLAH!



OH WHO'S A PRETTY BOY, THEN?



NOT ME, LADY! YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW UGLY I AM! IN FACT, I'M NEARLY AS UGLY AS THIS GUY!



HE CAN CERTAINLY TALK MILDRED! ALMOST HUMAN!



BACK AT THE HOSPITAL... THE TWO-HEADED KID'S GONE! GET A POLICE CAR, QUICK!!



NOT FAR, HORACE! I HOPE NOT! IT'S HOT IN HERE!



FASTER, MAN! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT... FREAK BACK! VERY FAST POLICE



OH, LADY OF THE MOUNTAIN... COME HITHER, YOUR HELP IS NEEDED!



COME ON! UP THE MOUNTAIN!!



NO PARROT! IT'S A TWO-HEADED BOY WHO NEEDS YOUR HELP!



CAN HORACE FIND THE POOL OF SHRINKING HEADS OR WILL THE DOCTORS FIND HIM? TO BE CONTINUED...